Some Song Lyrics by Frank Watson

I present this book to my mother,
Grace Watson
in memory of her father,
Charles Henry Howard,
at whose knee I was introduced
to the guitar,
to singing, and
to telling stories.

I thank my wife,
Barbara,
for the love and encouragement
she has given me as I have written these songs
over the past fourteen years.

A very special thank you goes to my friend,
Marilyn:
Without her my songs would be in a pile
instead of a book.

Dear Barbara,

I love you!

Frank

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Front cover sketch by John Higar, aka Billy Joe Rainbow

Table of Contents

		Audio File No.
FOR CHILDREN	5	
Twistin' With Kristin	6	1
Leny Zucchini Blues	7	2
Dance, Catie Grace	8	3
Stinky Smith	9	4
Bug In Your Soup	10	5
Galleywampus	11	6
YOUNG IN INDIANA	12	
Brownie	13	7
Trafalgar, Indiana	14	8
Momma's Song	15	9
Jerkwater Special	16	10
Saturday Dance	17	11
Here In Indiana	18	12
GREENE COUNTY YEARS	19	
Barbara's Kitchen	20	13
Greene County Cadillac	21	14
Children Of The Ring	22	15
Mad Dog Wine	23	16
Electric Guitar	24	17
Fiddler	25	18
Buffalo	26	19
Cruisin' In The Rain	27	20
Silver Lady	28	21
Possum Blues	29	22
Fags In The Mansion On The Hill	30	23
Greene County Sky	31	24
BACK HOME IN INDIANAPOLIS	32	
May You Have Love	33	25
Leprechaun Man	34	26
Pacers Song	35	27
Message From Mary	36	28
Grow Like A Flower	37	29
Gonna Buy A Harley/Turn My Beeper In	38	30
Janitorial Blues	39	31+32
Honey, I'm Thankin' You Tonight	40	33
The CIC Song	41	34
Play A Little Hank For Your Daddy	42	35

		Audio File No.
SONGS FOR SPECIAL PERSONS	**43**	
James Whitcomb Riley	44	36
The Hazel Song	45	37
The Brian and Karen Song	46	38
Gaffer's Tape	47	39
Thank You, Mildred Hardesty	48	40
Happy Ever After	49	41
Ode To Josie	50	42
John, Why Don't You Get A Job	51	43
Here Comes A Slow Song, Daddy	52	44
Multi-Flora Rose	53	45
PROTESTS	**54**	
Hello LaSalle	55	46
Three Mile Island Blues	56	47
The USS Indianapolis	57	48
John Crazyhorse Is Praying	58	49
I Dreamed That I Saw Joe Hill Cry	59	50
Boston Tea	60	51
The Land	61	52
OTHER SONGS	**62**	
Honky Tonk Music	63	53
Cowboys Never Cry At Christmas	64	54
The Night Santa Ripped Off Our Reindeer	65	55
Strange Attractor	66	56
Movin' Day	67	57
Get Them Panties Down	68	58
One Time Before You Go	69	59
MORE SONGS	70	
American Dreams	71	60
Benton Harbor Blues	72	61
Good Luck Bad Luck	73	62
Hobo Engineer	74	63
The Jesus Ride	75	64
Jew's harp & harmonica (no lyric sheet)		65
Leaving Here Running	76	66
A Man Is Praying	77	67
Morgan town Girls	78	68
Nashville Hooker (no lyric sheet. Recorded for, and sent to, Chris Probasco, Feb. 28, 2022)		69
On the Cover of the NESCO News	79	70
When I Die	80	71
White Horse	81	72
(Commentary on White Horse)		73

FOR CHILDREN

Twistin' With Kristin

You take her to a party,
You know she's got to dance.
You want to sit beside her
But you never get the chance.

Chorus:

You're twistin' with Kristin.
Twistin' with Kristin.
Twistin' with Kristin.
Ya Ya Yaaaa!

You want to be a hero.
You get out on the floor.
After several hours,
You start gettin' sore.

Kristin loves her Daddy.
She love her Mommy, too.
Kristin loves her Grandma
More than she loves you.

Slightly different from "Leny Zucchini Blues" →

Fried Zucchini Blues

© Frank Watson

I had an old lady, her name was Leny
We used to sit around and eat zucchini
Every/once in a while we'd have some eggplant/too
Then/I'd sing Leny the/fried zucchini/blues

Dede deet n dede deet n dede deet n dede
Dede deet n dede deet n dede deet n dede
/Dede deet n dede deet n dede deet n dede/doo
I said/yodlotndede the/fried zucchini/blues

One day my Leny turned and said to me
Why don't we have a little broccoli
I looked my Leny right in the eye
I said maybe we could even have a little salsify?

Give me some mashed potatoes and fried tomatoes too
I like purple onions but yellow ones will do
Give me green beans and peas and double honeydews
But don't give me any more of the fried zucchini blues!

Leny Zucchini Blues

I knew an old lady her name was Leny
We used to sit around and eat Zucchini.
Everyonce in awhile, we'd have some eggplant too.
Then I'd sing Leny the Fried Zucchini Blues.

Chorus: (ad infinitum)
De de de

One day my Leny said to me,
"Why don't we have a little broccoli?"
I looked my Leny right in the eye,
Said, "Maybe we could have a little bit of Salsify."

Dance, Catie Grace

I know a girl, her name is Catie Grace.
I know a girl, her name is Catie Grace.
A little girl with a big smile on her face.

Chorus:

Dance, Catie Grace
Dance, Catie Grace
Dance, Catie Grace
Dance, Catie Grace
I love to see that big smile on your face.

Some children, they have all the luck.
Some children, they have all the luck.
Get to pet the dog and ride in the pickup truck.

You know that Grandma loves you, Catie Grace.
You know that Grandma loves you, Catie Grace.
She loves to see that big smile on your face.

Stinky Smith

Stinky Smith was a polecat,
That's another name for a skunk.
He lived by himself in a hollow log
Cause everyone said he stunk.
Till one day another little polecat
Sniffed him up and down,
Said, "Stinky Smith, you stink so good,
I think I'm gonna stink around."
Someone will always put you down,
But what I say is true.
Open your nose and sniff around,
Someone is sniffin' for you.

Clumsy Connie was a seagull
Who grew up in a zoo.
The animals said she couldn't walk too good.
I guess that that was true.
Then one day, she spread her wings,
Went right up in the sky
And the prettiest thing they ever saw
Was Clumsy Connie fly.
Everyone does different things,
And what I say is true.
Don't try too hard to be like them
Till you see what you can do.

Now if you feel like Stinky Smith
And Clumsy Connie too,
Nobody seems to like you,
You don't know what you can do.
Look into your heart
And maybe you will see
If that's what you are feelin',
You might just be like me.

Bug In Your Soup

Oh, Daddy! Oh, Daddy!
The TV is broke.
If you don't get it fixed,
I think I may choke .....AARRGGH!

Oh, the TV is broke
I don't give a poop.
If you don't shut up,
I'll put a bug in your soup!
(Shh . . . Everybody'll want one!)

Oh, Daddy! Oh, Daddy!
I can't find my shoes,
My bicycles busted and
I've got the blues.

Well, if you don't quit fussin'
Like an old man with bunions,
I'll give you a week
Of eatin' liver and onions!
(How about some boiled turnips?)

Oh, Daddy! Oh, Daddy!
My big toe's a hurtin'.
Take me to the Doctor;
I'm dyin' for certain. (Poor baby . . .)

Well, you're big toe's a hurtin'
And I prob'ly should beat you,
But I think instead I will
Buy you a pizza! (Yaaayy!)

Galleywampus

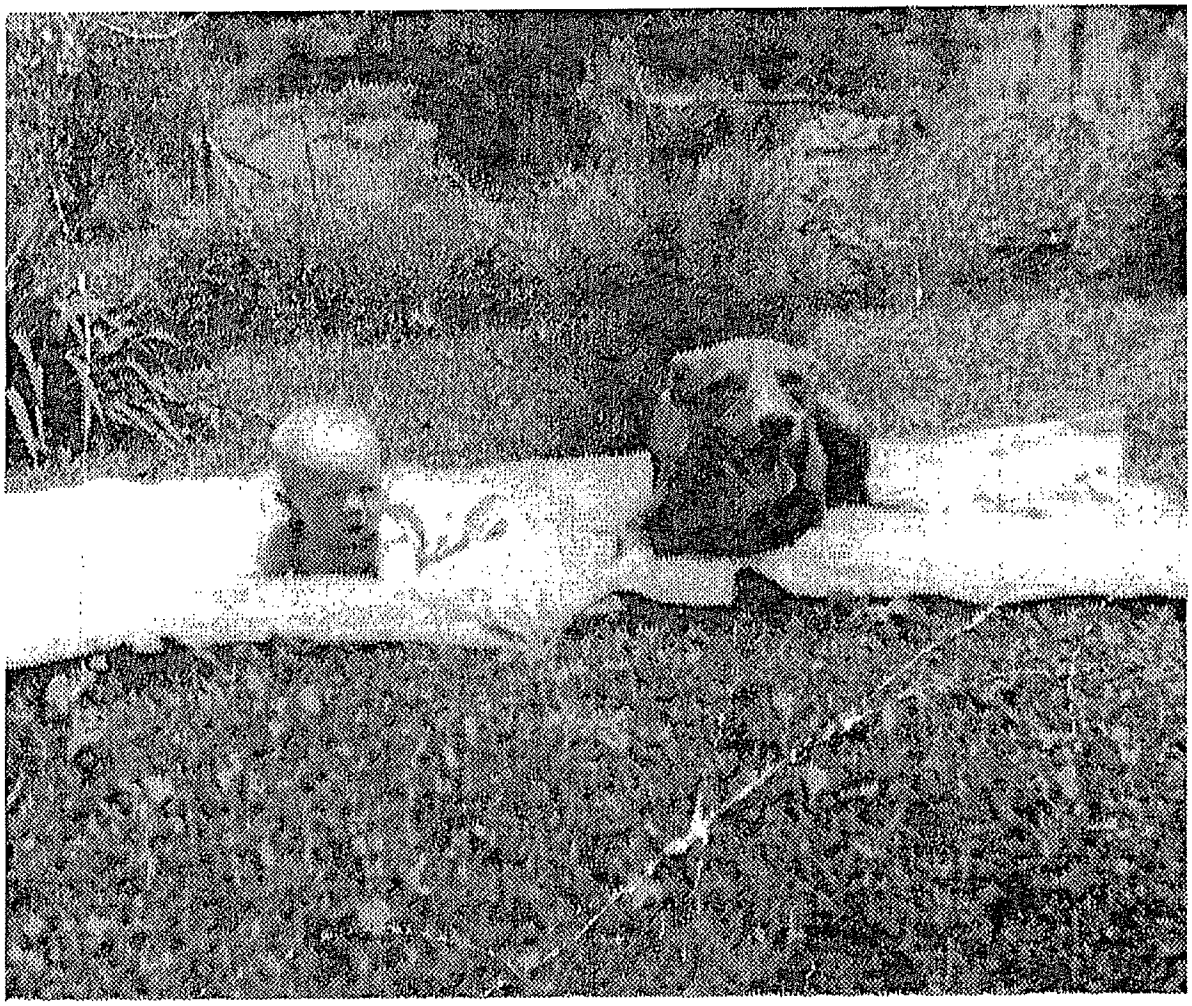
Don't go out in the woods tonight.
Don't go out in the woods tonight.
Don't go out in the woods tonight.
It won't be safe
Until the light.

There's a great big Galleywampus
right outside the door.
There's a great big Galleywampus
right outside the door.
There's a great big Galleywampus
right outside the door.
He's ate a hundred kids.
He's gonna eat some more.
So...

Don't go out of the house tonight.
Don't go out of the house tonight.
Don't go out of the house tonight.
It won't be safe
Until the light.

Ooohhh Galleywampus ..... BOO!

YOUNG IN INDIANA



Brownie

When Mom gave me a biscuit
Brownie always got his half.
He'd take a bite then I would
And Momma had to laugh.
Although she didn't like it
And swore it wouldn't do,
We'd crawl up under the porch and hide
Until we got through.
To me those were the good times
Though I guess that they were tough.
Never got much candy,
But biscuits was enough.
Had a friend to share them,
And sometimes when I was good,
Got to go with him and
Uncle Leonard to get wood.

Chorus:

And Brownie was my buddy,
A little feist and hound.
Never got too lonesome
When Brownie was around.
Lived back up the holler,
I was the only kid.
Guess that's why I learned to talk
With Brownie like I did.

Leonard he was Brownie's man
Like I was Brownie's kid.
Sometimes I thought
That he could talk
With Brownie like I did.
Know he could understand
Old Brownie like I could.
Sure was proud
When him and Brownie
Took me to get the wood.
Brownie he could catch a hog
And hold it by one ear.
Didn't matter none
How big it was;
Brownie had no fear.
If Leonard wanted squirrels,
He would put them up a tree.
Guess that he was pretty good
At looking after me.

Brownie helped me watch the road,
Waiting for my Dad,
Who was far away a'fighting
The biggest war we'd had.
When I got too sad,
He'd jump up and lick my face,
Run around in circles till he
Got me in a race.
Dad was there to comfort me
When Brownie passed away.
Guess the war was bad,
But he made it home okay.
Uncle Leonard took a walk
With something in his eye
While Daddy held his little boy
And listened to him cry.

Trafalgar, Indiana

When I was just a kid going out for basketball,
Some were very good and some weren't good at all,
Some got to be the heroes, some never got to play,
But we all learned some things along the way.

Chorus:

Trafalgar, Indiana, you treated us all right.
You taught us how to love; you taught us how to fight.
You taught us how to face our problems with a grin,
And you taught us how to go out there and win.

Seems like only yesterday John Hinds and Shorty Ray
Were giving us our lessons in Indiana Zen.
Know the time, know the score, keep your head up off the floor
Or you'll be doing twenty laps again.

You taught us how to think and how to share a dream;
You taught us how to work and play hard as a team.
We never won the state, but we won a whole lot more
When you taught us from your heart to know the time and know the score.

Momma's Song

Frank Watson

Me and Momma would sit up
Drinking coffee by the cup.
We'd talk about the times
And places that she'd seen.
How picking cotton in the south
Had put food in her mouth
And helped her family out
When times were lean.

Chorus:

She could tell a story
That would carry me away.
Tell me all about the folks
And what they had to say.
I could help the people work,
Listen to them pray.
The places that she took me
I still go to today.

Her family was a big one.
They made the hard times fun,
Sticking close together
At the dances and the fights.
What they did I cannot tell
But they did it pretty well.
Hitting all the juke joints
In those Alabama nights.

The music was a lovely thread
She sewed into my little head.
When she talked about the jazz clubs,
She'd say here's the way they'd do.
Then she'd dance and sing
And pretty soon she'd bring
Me into the dancing
So I could be there too.

Sometimes late at night
when everything is right
and I'm sitting by the campfire
and picking out my song
She'll be dancing on her cloud
and smiling big and proud
for she knows it was her love
That made me strong.

Jerkwater Special

My first day in Trafalgar town
I heard a long old lonesome sound.
Uncle Kenny, he got a big grin,
Said the Jerkwater Special is rolling in.

Chorus:

Here she comes look at her go.
Here she comes look at her go.
Here she comes look at her go.
Jerkwater Special a rolling slow.

Jerkwater comin' get on back.
It's agin' the law to put a penny on the track.
She's movin' in and rolling slow.
I love to hear that whistle blow.

She's blowing steam and burning coal.
Look at all that black smoke roll.
Now hear the Hobo's last refrain.
Can't ride the rails if there ain't no train.

Saturday Dance

I remember, I remember a long time ago
Before people watched the late TV show.
On Saturday night, I'd put on my good pants,
Go down to the lodge hall for the Saturday Dance.
O yes, I remember the music was fun.
When we did the Change Partners, I got to hold everyone
Of an assortment of ladies, some young and some old.
Each one a sweet smelling blossom to hold.

Chorus:

We'd do us a square dance, get fired up and hot.
Then a belt buckle shiner as likely as not.
And we might have been tired, but there wasn't a chance
We'd stay home and sleep through the Saturday Dance.

One gal I recall had Silver Grey hair.
Every Saturday Night she was sure to be there.
She always was ready for just one dance more.
She got better hugs than any girl on the floor.
And one fine old gent so dashing and bold
You'd never guess he was ninety years old.
He had a blue suit and a flower bright red.
Pretty girls stood in line to kiss his bald head.

When the band did O Johnny, every guy in the town
Got in a circle, swung the ladies around.
I always swung hardest for my three special girls:
My Mom and my Sis and the one with grey curls.
And there were bottles in pockets and turning off lights.
After the dancing sometimes there were fights.
All week long there was nothing at all.
But Saturday Night, folks, we sure had a ball.

Well I guess if you ask me why TV's all right
But I sure miss the dancing on Saturday night...

Here In Indiana

It was here in Indiana that I spent my restless youth.
A lonely boy, I found my joy in searching for the truth
In the back seat of a Chevy, in books not found in schools,
In alcohol and madness and in breaking all the rules.
And still I am a lonely child searching for the sun
As I wander thru the wasteland of the damage that's been done.

There is truth in madness and there is truth in wine.
There's truth in Indiana when you put it on the line.
When you finally meet the enemy and find it isn't you,
Then there is no end to the damage you can do.
And still I am a lonely child searching for the sun
As I wander thru the wasteland of the damage that's been done.

I am just a dancer; I love my rock and roll,
Moving to the backbeat of the music in my soul.
The road runs out in front of me to castles in the sky.
The truth I've found is that the sound of music gets me high.
And still I am a lonely child searching for the sun
As I wander thru the wasteland of the damage that's been done.

— slightly different version >

Here in Indiana

© Frank Watson

It was here in Indiana that I spent my restless youth
A lonely boy I found my joy in searching for the truth
I would ride in my Chevy right on by the school
Go and read my novels, and act like I was cool,
And still I am a lonely child searching for the sun
As I wonder through the wasteland of the damage I have done

There is truth in madness, and there is truth in wine
There's truth in Indiana when you put it on the line
Sometimes there is an enemy sometimes it is you
Old Pogo was a possum; I'm a possum too
And still I am a lonely child searching for the sun
As I wonder through the wasteland of the TV and the gun

I am just a dancer I love that rock and roll
I still can feel the backbeat of the music in my soul
This road runs out in front of me to castles in the sky
The truth I've found is that the sound is better when I'm high
And still I am a lonely child searching for the sun
As I wonder through the wasteland of the war no body won

GREENE COUNTY YEARS

Barbara's Kitchen

Yes, I like the sound
Of Barbara in the kitchen,
The sound of Louie barkin'
At trick-or-treaters on the lawn,

The sound of Danny gripin'
Because his costume's not just right.
I think its great that Chris looks just
Like Spiderman tonight.

Halloween is really
A scary time of year.
After all is said and done,
There's such a lot to fear.

But here the world is good.
There's no place I'd rather be
Than here in Barbara's kitchen
Keeping Barbara company.

Greene County Cadillac

My Greene County Cadillac's a '63 Ford with
A hole in the bottom of the floor.
My Greene County woman love me so hard
The only thing she ever says is more.
I'm right straight out of the bushes
Hungry as a howling wolf.
And if I catch success a walking down the street,
I'm gonna grab it an' eat it on the hoof.
This town's been a real mother to me;
Took a stick and hit me in the head,
Left me layin' up in the alley cause
It thought that I was dead.
I came back and I'm glad I did.
This time I'm gonna make it pay.
This time I'm gonna leave with a pocket full'a money;
Good God, it's the only way.
Now they say there's things that money won't buy.
True, likely as not,
But dang it all, the things it don't buy
Are the things I already got.
There ain't no money down in Greene County.
If there was, that's where I'd be.
So step right up and put your money in the hat
And help set a country boy free.

Children Of The Ring

This is a song for the Children of the Ring
The magic of your mystic circle made me want to sing
Of secrets and cycles written in the sky,
Of stories so beautiful they never really die.

Chorus:

And the fox barks at midnight to the meaning of the moon
Whose pale, golden promises were written in a rune
Ten thousand years ago by a man like me,
Blinded by light to the point where he could see.

The stoyteller's mysteries are rooted in the earth,
The sun and the seasons and the ones who gave him birth.
He speaks with the animals, he listens to the trees
Who talk to him in whispers carried on the breeze.

The blind poet sings of the things that others see.
A prisoner of darkness, he's the only one that's free.
He's the only one who can tell us what we saw,
For the prisoner in chains knows the full weight of the law.

Mad Dog Wine

Mad Dog Wine and a pick-up truck.
Last year's plates loan me a buck.
Roll up a number, pass it around.
Saturday night gonna get down.
Me and my Mad Dog gonna get down.
Party tonight, mess around.
Gonna make sure my mind gets blowed.
Party tonight on the Coalene Road.

Chorus:

I'm from the country, fried up in lard,
A little bit greasy, a little bit hard.
Saturday night, lookin' for sin
Yip, yip, yip, I'm possum kicking drunk again.

The Coalene Road has seen some sin.
The Coalene Road has seen some possums grin.
The Coalene Road is where you mess around.
The Coalene Road is where you really get down.
If you got a lady, you can make her smile.
Pull up in the churchyard and park for a while,
Tell her you love her and loving ain't sin,
Then back on the Coalene Road again.

The Devil's up on Dry Branch at the haunted bridge.
You can hear him scream up on the ridge,
And down in Coalene at Gary's store,
They're shooting pool, drinking beer some more.
Two dogs fighting out in the yard.
Would go stop them, but I'm just too tired.
What the hell, let them fight.
Got to do something on Saturday night.

Electric Guitar

The music I play hasn't gone very far.
I think I will buy an electric guitar
With red lights and buttons and switches and things;
Something that kicks ass when I hit the strings.

Chorus:

Lord can't you see me a'standing up there
With the sweat on my face and the light in my hair,
Hair just a'flyin' as I boogie and sing,
People a'dancing while I do my thing.

With government spacemen who come from the stars
And rock and roll roodies who come from the bars,
I'll do my music, my nightmares and dreams
With full sound and color and laser light beams.

With fantastic visions and nasty hot licks,
I'll play for the people transistorized tricks.
I know I can do it. I know I'll go far
As soon as I get my electric guitar.

Fiddler

When the day's work is done and the people want to dance,
They come to see the fiddler in his ragged pants.
They say he's a rogue, a child of the moon;
But they have to pay the fiddler if they want to hear his tune.

So listen to the fiddler, if you have the time.
And if you have a dollar, give the fiddling man a dime.
And maybe he will play for you his haunting little tune.
And touch you with his madness, and the beauty of the moon.

And if he's a rogue, he's not the only one;
And maybe there's a meaning behind his gentle fun.
And maybe he has played while the others laid up store.
But if they don't pay the fiddler, they won't hear the fiddle anymore.

Buffalo

Buffalo tells a good story,
And sometimes he tells one that's true.
He's a cowboy, and a trucker, and a drifter;
He's usually just passing through.
He sits with his coffee at the table,
And talks until we're all telling lies.
And you know we've stepped
Through the door to the past
By the faraway look in our eyes.

Chorus:

Well you don't know when he will show up,
And you don't know when he will go.
If he was any other way,
He wouldn't be Buffalo.

He likes to talk about trading
A horse for a car for a gun.
Sometimes he makes a few dollars;
Sometimes he swaps just for fun.
He's a friend to the kids and the old folks,
Always lending a hand,
But he'd rather talk of the fights
That he's seen.
He's just that kind of a man.

He's rough as a cob, and you know it.
He started out young on a farm.
I swear if it made a good story,
He'd laugh about breaking an arm.
Well, it's been a while since he's been here.
I wonder where he's at tonight.
It's hard to say, but wherever it is,
I sure hope he's doing all right.

Cruisin' In The Rain

I know that you don't love me.
You just want someone to hold.
I know enough to not believe
That lie that you just told.
There's other men and better
Who will come to ease your pain.
Tonight I just got lucky
Out cruisin' in the rain.

Tonight I just got lucky
Out cruisin' in the rain,
And you happened to be looking for
Someone to ease your pain.

We'll have a little party,
Drink a little beer.
I'll drive you to the haunted bridge
And drop you back off here.
Then I'll become a memory,
You won't have to explain.
Tonight I just got lucky
Out cruisin' in the rain.

I know that you don't love me,
You do not have to lie.
I know your heart's been broken
So I'll hold you while you cry.
It will be our little secret.
I will never cause you pain.
Tonight I just got lucky
Out cruisin' in the rain.

Silver Lady

Out on the highway,
She's out in front of me.
Her silver body shinin', she
Holds out her wings.
I let my spirit wander,
Let my mind go free,
And then the Silver Lady sings.

Chorus:

Sing, Silver Lady, sing.
Sing of the days gone by
When the earth was young
And there were castles in the sky,
Kings, and cowboys roamin' thru
The magic and the mystery
Of life when I still knew how to fly.

Silver Lady, sing to me.
Sing your songs so I can be
Once again a little child and
See what I can see.
Sunlight on a dragons wings,
Treasure that a pirate brings.
Silver Lady, sing it back to me.

Oh, the things she helps me find,
The simple beauty in my mind
Like clear water flowing
From pure enchanted springs
With the road in front of me.
My heart is humming harmony
While the Silver Lady sings.

Silver Lady

© Frank Watson and Pat Webb

Out on the highway she's out in front of me
Her silver body shines she/holds out her wings
I let my spirit wonder let my mind go free
And/then the/Silver Lady/sings

> Sing Silver Lady sing, sing of the days gone by
> When the earth was young and there were/castles in the sky
> Kings and cowboys wondering through the magic and mystery
> Of/life when I/still knew how to/fly

Oh the things she helps me find, the simple beauty in my mind
Like pure water flows from clear enchanted springs
With the road in front of me my heart is humming harmony
And then the Silver Lady sings

Silver Lady sing to me sing your song so I can be
Once again a little child and see what I can see
Sunlight on a dragon's wings treasure that a pirate brings
Silver lady sing them back to me

Possum Blues

Them Greene County chickens lay pretty green eggs.
Greene County women got pretty legs.
Greene County hen don't have a thing to say.
You ought to hear the rooster pray.
You haul stone, you paid your dues.
You got a right to sing the Possum Blues.

Got a truck ahead and a cop behind.
I'm in trouble at the county line.
Two-ton truck loaded down with rock
Let's me by and he makes my block.
You haul stone, you paid your dues.
You got a right to sing the Possum Blues.

Two-ton truck, and a ten-ton load,
Gonna party tonight on the Coalene Road.
Push that Chevy, hear the motor sing.
Don't need no cops when we reach Rock Spring.
You haul stone, you paid your dues.
You got a right to sing the Possum Blues.

Fags In The Mansion On The Hill

My cigarette ain't lit but
My ashtray's on fire.
My kid just graduated
Under the wire.
If I keep on smokin' this,
I'm gonna keep on gettin' higher.
And, if you tell someone I told you,
I'll say that you're a liar.

Chorus:

And I may have troubles,
But I'm glad that I ain't rich
Like them fags in the mansion
On the hill.

There's times in life
When life ain't too funny
Like the Easter that the dogs
Ate the Easter Bunny.
I remember crying children with
Their noses all runny.
Sometimes life just
Ain't very sunny.

My pick-up's busted down,
The radiator's shot.
My wife is getting cold,
Her mother's gettin' hot.
My coon dog has a tapeworm.
My potatoes have the rot.
The Reader's Digest Sweepstakes
Is the only hope I've got.

Greene County Sky

I'll sing of the sound and the color of things,
Redbirds and Bluebirds and the beating of wings,
The Bobwhite quail Rattler would flush
Each time we'd go past this one patch of brush.
I'll sing of Greene County in summer and snow,
The things that we saw and the places we'd go.
Sing of the time so quickly gone by,
Sing and try not to cry, for time so quickly gone by.

Barbara and I watched the Greene County sky.
Summertime sunsets sure got us high.
We sat on the front porch with time slippin' by
Watchin' the Greene County sky.

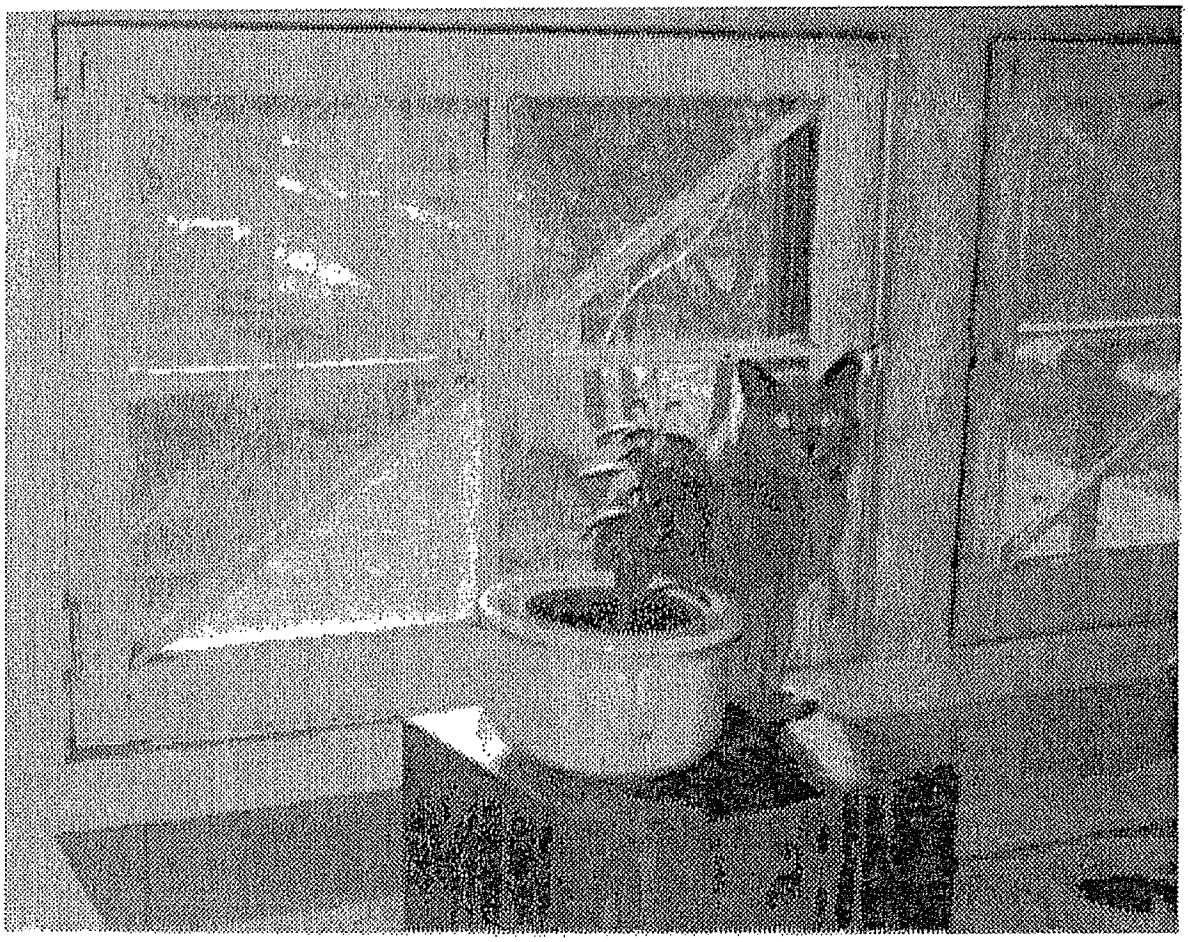
How can I tell of the beauty of spring,
The changes in flowers each day would bring,
The water and earth would warm to the shine
Of the sun till we finally could swim at the mine.
The leaves on the trees would change colors each day.
There's so many shades of green, I can't say.
Friends from the city would come pay a call,
But Barbara and I saw it all and suddenly then it was fall.

Barbara and I loved the Greene County fall.
The fast turning leaves, the cool nights and all.
Persimmons and wild grapes were ripe in the sun.
They told us that summer was done.

Then came the wind and leaves tumbled down
To dress up the hills in shades of warm brown.
A soft winter coat mother nature would sew
Onto her bosom to keep out the snow.
The sound of a chainsaw biting in wood,
A black chevy pick-up runnin' so good,
The smell of a woodstove with Barb bakin' bread,
Winter went right to my head.

Barbara and I loved the Greene County snow.
We'd fire up the woodstove and hear the wind blow,
While we were layin' all warm in our bed
With the covers pulled over our head.

BACK HOME IN INDIANAPOLIS



May You Have Love

When the winds of winter
Drive the snow against your doorway
And cry past your windows,
May you never be alone
When your soul is hurting
And the world is confusing.
May you always find it better
Whenever you get home.

Chorus:

And may you be smiled on
From heaven above.
May you have good health
And may you have love.

This is our prayer,
That love will be with you –
A bright and shining star
In the darkness of the night.
This is our prayer,
That love will be with you,
That whenever there is trouble,
Love will set it right.

And may you have laughter
And evenings together,
Work for your hands
And good times with your friends.
May you have sunshine
And dreams for the future,
Memories to share
And a love that never ends.

Leprechaun Man

You left us so quickly, with so little warning,
That some of us still haven't cried.
We looked at your picture, the tree and the water
And couldn't believe that you died.
You were so full of dreams, so busy livin',
Workin' and havin' your fun.
I hope that you know the gift you were givin'
With dreams you left us undone.
With dreams you left us undone.

Leprechaun Man dance with the moonlight,
Your brothers and sisters gone on before,
While your lady dances alone by the water,
Until you hold her once more.
Until you hold her once more.

You left us so quickly with so little warning
That some of us still haven't cried.
We looked at your picture, the tree and the water
And couldn't believe that you died.
But each living note you played on your guitar
Still rings in each loving heart
Of the people you touched, who will always remember
Until we're no longer apart.
Until we're no longer apart.

Pacers Song

I'm just like the Pacers an original Indiana loser.
Lost on the court of life just an ordinary Hoosier.
The last quarter finds me fouled out and 15 points behind;
But I just keep on picking and don't let it worry my mind.

Chorus:

I'm the Indiana wild man I'm the king of possum rock and roll.
Ain't the world's greatest picker but you must admit I got soul.
Ain't ashamed of the Pacers; ain't afraid to rock and roll.
I'm Greene County Country, I do an occasional.

Just like the Pacers, I won't make the playoffs this year.
Just like the Pacers, you won't find me cryin' in my beer.
Speaking of beer, I feel my throat getting dry,
Because, just like George McGinnis, I have spent some time a getting high.

When the Pacers win the playoffs, I'll be driving a big new shiny car,
Sitting in the back seat drinking drinks from my portable bar,
Watching Billy Knight on the TV that hangs behind my driver's right ear.
And everytime he pops a long one, I'll pop another can of beer.

Message From Mary
(In Case You Missed the Party)

You may think she's crazy, cause she went in the Navy,
Goin' for that Red, White and Blue.
Life is all the same, just another Woodruff game,
Got nothin' better to do, do you?

Chorus:

Seen these City lights far too long
Now I got to travel on.
Turn around 1 time.
Turn around 2 times.
Turn around 3, she's gone, she's gone.

You know its been a good time bein' around here.
Lovin' and tastin' the wine.
But change is what she's needin', the proper care and feedin'
Of a soul is to put it on the line so fine.

You may think she's crazy cause she went in the Navy,
Goin for that Red, White and Blue.
But keep her in your heart for as long as you're apart,
Cause you know she'll be thinkin' of you, it's true.

(Repeat chorus then fade . . .)

Bye, bye,
So long now.
See you later.
Catch you on the flip-flop.

Grow Like A Flower

When you're running, but you don't know where you're going
On the road that's made by men, and you're so lost
With you're mind confused and your heart burning,
When you find the answer, will you stop to count the cost?

Chorus:

Then will you finally turn to Jesus?
Let Him heal your anger and your pain?
Will you reach out to the Dove, and the beauty of His love?
Grow like a flower in the sunshine and the rain.

When you're fighting for your life and know you're losing
To the enemy you're carrying within
And you hate yourself because of what you're choosing,
When you're beaten by your pride, will you turn away from sin?

When there's nowhere left to turn, and you're left turning,
Life has hit you right between the eyes,
You're standing by yourself, a lost and lonely child,
When you can have the truth, will you turn away from lies?

Gonna Buy A Harley / Turn My Beeper In

I've got a pretty woman, one that I love so.
I'm goin' to spend some time with her alone before I go.
When the kids are grown and workin' and I am free again,
I'm goin' to buy a Harley and turn my beeper in.

Chorus:

I'm goin' to buy a Harley and turn my beeper in,
Take my pretty baby on the highway again.
When the kids are grown and workin' and I am free again,
I'm goin' to buy a Harley and turn my beeper in.

My woman is a good one, workin' all the time,
Takin' care of business, she saves every dime.
She's so good to me, I'm happy I'm alive,
And she's a fair mechanic; all I go to do is drive.

I got a first class woman, goin' to get a first class bike.
Some bikes may be faster, but Harley's what I like.
Them things will go forever; my baby, she will too.
No other woman suits me; no other bike will do.

Janitorial Blues

One and one is two.
Two and two is four.
I can change your disposition
If you let me do your floor.
Baby,
Won't you let me do your floor?
If you let me do it one time,
You're gonna let me do some more.

I put some soap into the bucket,
Make sure my water's hot,
Take a 32 ounce mop,
And give it everything I got.
Baby,
Won't you let me do your floor?
If you let me do it one time,
You're gonna let me do some more.

Then I take my big ol' buffer,
I go up and down your hall,
Shining all night long, you know,
I go from wall to wall.
Baby,
Won't you let me do your floor?
If you let me do it one time,
You're gonna let me do some more.

Honey, I'm Thankin' You Tonight

Put on your party dress, let's go paint the town.
We got twenty dollars, the kids are not around.
Let's do some Honky Tonkin', spend a little pay,
Then I got things to tell you I ain't had time to say.

Chorus:

You're my best friend, you're my love, you're my sweetheart, you're my wife.
Because of you, I'm livin' a very happy life.
You pick me up when I am down, you make everything alright.
Honey, I'm thankin' you tonight.

Let's hold on to each other the way we used to do
Dancin' slow together like when our love was new.
I want to hear the music playin' soft and sweet
While I wrap my arms around you and sweep you off your feet.

I want to sit and talk and look into your eyes.
I want to show you off, Honey, you're my prize.
The party won't be over when the dancin's thru,
When we come home tonight, there's some things I want to do.

The CIC Song

My wife is in Stringtown, Ohio
Tonight at the Red Roof Inn
While I'm all alone here in Indy
Doing the dishes again.

Chorus:

Support all the people at old CIC.
Love them and keep them from harm.
And as for the spouses, Lord hear our plea,
Keep us off the funny farm

She gets paid well for what she is doin'
And she likes it, she says with a grin
While sitting at the table with coffee
Watchin' me doin' dishes again.

Its not that I mind doing dishes
Or patching my own clothes again,
But, tonight all alone at the table,
I sure am amissin' that grin.

Play A Little Hank For Your Daddy

That blond-haired, long-haired kid with the guitar
Looks like a girl, gonna be a big star,
Playin' rock and roll like a man insane,
Chasin' women drinkin' whiskey and a'raisin' cain,
Says when he gets rich he's gonna sit in the back
While I drive his pink Cadillac.

I said that's okay, son. I'll drive your Caddy.
Now play a little Hank for your Daddy.

Chorus:

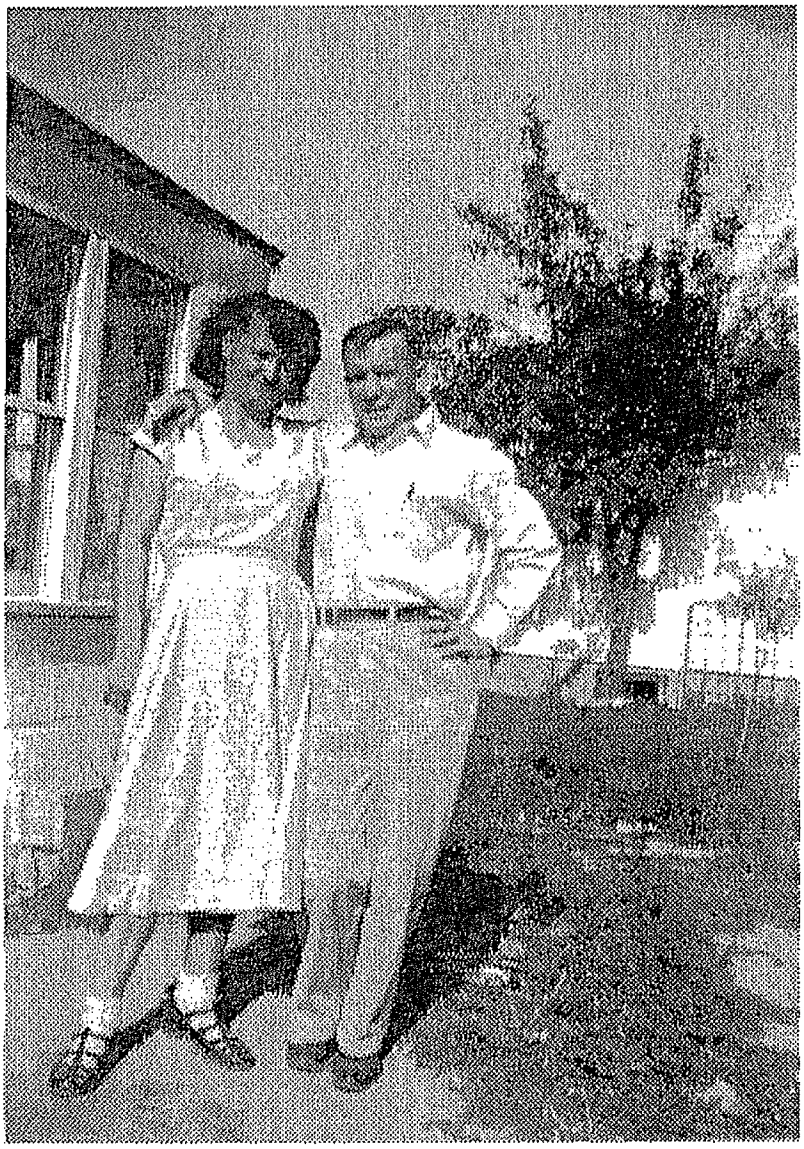
Do some Honky-Tonking and some Cheatin' Heart.
The Lovesick Blues just tears me apart.
Reminds me of your momma and some other women, too.
Its a doggone shame the way the women do.
I been in the dog house, I ain't a-goin' back.
I'd rather drive that pink Cadillac.

Now he says if Hank was here, he'd come out a rockin'.
He'd be howlin' at the moon and he wouldn't think of stoppin'.
Drinkin' all the whiskey, lovin' all the women,
He'd be raisin' hell just a-pickin' and a'sinnin.
Says when he gets rich he's gonna sit in the back
While I drive his pink Cadillac.

I said that's okay, son. I'll drive your Caddy.
Now play a little Hank for your Daddy.

Well the boy got me thinkin', It could be he's right
Gonna do some pickin', I think I saw the light.
Everyone can see I got a country soul.
Won't nobody mind if I do some rock and roll.
Maybe I'll get rich and I'll sit in the back
And let the kid drive that pink Cadillac.
I said that's okay, son, I'll drive your Caddy
Now play a little Hank for your Daddy.

SONGS FOR SPECIAL PERSONS



James Whitcomb Riley

You were a children's poet,
    At least some folks called you so.
And they say you lived around this part of town
    Not so many years ago.
Truthfully, you were the kind of man
    Who would take the time
To think up scary stories for the children
    And put them all to rhyme.

A child of Indiana,
    To be the Hoosier poet was your fame.
A child of Indiana,
    James Whitcomb Riley was your name.

They say you liked your liquor.
    Some even say that you were cursed by drink.
I reckon that you only had enough
    To help you not to think
About the broken children
    And the sad things that make all poets cry
And lay their souls on paper
    And look for better ways of gettin' high.

Sometimes late at night
    When I've courted the muse far too long,
Suddenly you're there at my table
    Askin' for a song.
Then you're there till daybreak
    And before you leave you make me swear I'll save
My money so that I can take
    Some whiskey and flowers to your grave.

The Hazel Song

Every good stagehand carries a flashlight
For the actor who steps behind the scenes.
To protect from all harm anyone who is crazy
Enough to try and live out those dreams.
Enough to try and live out those dreams.

Chorus:

Hazels on the spot and Augies gettin' hot,
Bill says Joel dropped a cue,
Bob heads for the trap, while Daryl takes a wrap.
I know why David's shirt says "Runnin' Crew".
I know why David's shirt says "Runnin' Crew".

The actor knows the facts that somewhere behind the blacks
On the pinrails and waitin' in the wings,
We're workin' hard and fast hopin' we can last
And makin' dirty jokes while he sings.
And makin' dirty jokes while he sings.

You know we don't mind sayin' we do our share of prayin'
For the people who step into the light,
For the actors in the play livin' in the day
While the stagehands are livin' in the night.
While the stagehands are livin' in the night.

The Brian and Karen Song

Brian and Karen got married today.
Everyone's happy, so what do you say.
Let's have a party, a party so fine,
Eat some good food, drink lots of wine – oh, wine.

We come together to dance in the sun.
We bless the children, the two and the one.
And when we go home, we'll smile and we'll say,
Brian and Karen got married today – today.

So let there be music and let there be life.
For Brian and Karen, a husband and wife.
And may you remember as we travel on
Brian and Karen, you won't walk alone.

Gaffer's Tape

Today we strike the set. The show is done and we must part.
Excuse me while I put this little piece of tape around my heart.
Once again, I learned to love some friends I had never met before.
Once again, I'll cry tonight when you go out the door.

Chorus:

Thank the Lord for Gaffer's tape, it never lets you down.
It fixes almost everything, its always layin' 'round.
It gets you thru the show each time, and when its time to part
It helps to put a little piece right around your heart.

It takes a special person to live the life to do the show.
To learn to love so much, then to let each other go.
Here's to all of us who do the show and do our parts
Then turn and walk away with a little piece of tape around our hearts.

Tomorrow night the stage will be so lonely and cold,
The lives that were here will be out there somewhere on the road
With scripts in their hands, everyone learning new parts
And looking for pieces of tape to put on their hearts.

Thank You, Mildred Hardesty

I was lookin' rough and shaggy,
My eyes were crazy with pain,
Inside I was a Christian,
Outside I was standing in the rain.
When I went to church that Sunday,
I wasn't expecting very much.
Then you reached out your hand,
Made me welcome with your touch.

Chorus:

Thank you Mildred Hardesty
For all of the love you have shared.
Thank you Mildred Hardesty
For all of the times you have cared.
God up in heaven
Looks down on everything we do.
And when I say thank you, Mildred,
He knows I'm thankin' Him too.

The peace that's found in Jesus
Was there in your face for me to see.
It helped me remember
A time once before when I was free
Before I built the walls and found
That keepin' people out would keep me in.
Then a whisper in my heart said,
"You know you can find that place again."

You gave me words of welcome,
But you didn't have to speak at all.
The Lord had blessed your hands,
A bridge took the place of a wall.
I hope you understand,
I thank the Father, the Son and Spirit, too.
And it's okay with them
If I spend a little time thankin' you.

Happy Ever After

She's a fox in a nail apron, an angel in T-shirt and jeans.
She's a carpenter, works with the crew that builds the scenes.
She's had enough heartaches to last her a lifetime or two
And she's got enough heart to always come smilin' thru.

Chorus:

She wants to live happy ever after, and I know she will.
When the last curtain falls, I know she'll be smilin' still.

She works for her money and she works for her love of the show
Like the people of the theater, you'll meet anywhere that you go.
She's doin' her best she knows on opening night,
The part of the show that is her's has all been done right.

She just fell in love with someone who wants what she's got.
Says he treats her good, she's been laughing a lot.
And so this story ends the way she wanted it to.
She's livin' happy ever after, no more reasons to be blue.

Ode To Josie

Hello – Goodby. Oh, Josie, I guess everyone must die.
You may be gone, but your story will not end.
I met you last night in the eyes of your good friend.
"Write a song," that's what the lady said.
"Write one for Josie, although she may be dead.
She spent eight years a'cookin' here at the Silver Bell
And left behind a lot of friends that want to wish her well."

Chorus:

And she said, "Call it Ode to Josie, J-O-S-I-E,
That's how she spelled it, it wasn't Josephine.
Call it Ode to Josie, Oh, honey can't you see?
Josie had a lot of friends and one of them was me."

Hello – Goodbye, Josie you had friends that cared enought to cry.
You may be gone, but your friends all wish you well
And Josie, that is everyone down at the Silver Bell.
Just one sister, that ain't much family.
But Josie, Lord it's plain to me
That you were loved more than most folks are
By everyone who knew you in that little country bar.

John, Why Don't You Get A Job

Well, you seem to think that everyone should care.
I think you ought to go and cut your hair,
Get a three piece and get dressed,
Go to work like all the rest.
John, why don't you get a job?

Chorus:

John, why don't you get a job?
Quit drinkin' all that beer and bein' such a slob,
Play a little trash, make a little cash.
John, why don't you get a job.

You seem to think the world owes you a livin'
Because of all the good stuff that you're givin'.
Why don't you get out there and sell;
Quit raisin' all that hell.
John, why don't you get a job?

John, I think it's time you realize
It's time for a little value compromise.
Don't you worry about your soul.
What you need is a corporate goal.
John, why don't you get a job?

Here Comes A Slow Song, Daddy

Daddy, you never were a dancer. You never got the chance to learn.
By the time that you were old enough to work, you had a livin' to earn.
But I know you love the music, I've seen you wait all night
For the band to a slow song or two so you could hold momma tight.

Chorus:

Well, here comes a slow song, Daddy. Won't you please take momma's hand
And lead her on to the dance floor. You know she's proud of her man.
We know all you do is a slow song or two and Daddy we understand.
So here comes a long sweet country song from all of your friends in the band.

Daddy you've been so good to me and the boys
You would sit all day and listen to us play, when all we made was noise.
There never was a word when all you heard for years was rock and roll,
So tonight just for you we're gonna do a little sweet country soul.

Daddy, life's been tough for you and momma, too.
We'd just like to thank you for all that you've been thru,
And we know the thing that you like most is holden momma tight.
So here is a long sweet country song, and we sure hope it makes your night.

Multi-Flora Rose

She walked into my heart like she owned it
Right in the middle of the day.
Looked around to see who was there,
Then sent them away.
Then she spent the night and
I found out what every farmer knows,
Like once you get it started,
You can't get rid of Multi-Flora Rose.

Chorus:

She's my Multi-Flora Rose,
With a thousand thorns and lovely flowers.
She's my Multi-Flora Rose,
She's there thru sunshine and showers.
She's my Multi-Flora Rose,
And like every farmer knows,
Once you get it started,
You can't get rid of Multi-Flora Rose.

The first years were hard,
But somehow her love just kept on spreadin'.
When I tried to walk away,
She always seemed to know where I was headin'.
And it's hard to walk away,
Or anywhere with thorns in your clothes.
Once you get it started,
You can't get rid of Multi-Flora Rose.

Now I know a lot farmers
That Multi-Flora Rose wouldn't please.
But even they will tell you that
She's good for the birds and the bees
And other kinds of wildlife,
And I've been pretty wild I suppose.
And it's okay with me if I can't
Get rid of Multi-Flora Rose.

PROTESTS

Hello LaSalle

Hello Traveler, my love where have you been?
It's been such a long time, I'm so happy to see you again.
You hardly recognize me, I don't look the way I should.
Since you last saw me, I've had a sickness in my blood.
Hello LaSalle, I can't welcome you like I did before.
Oh, Traveler, I don't think I can make 295 more.

Hello my traveler. Oh, it's been a while
Almost 300 years since my beauty made you smile.
I'm so pleased to see you. Wish I could offer you a drink.
Bless your courage child, I hope you can make people think.
Hello, LaSalle, I can't welcome you like I did before.
Oh, Traveler, I don't think I can make 295 more.

The Red Ones are gone now, you would have helped them stay.
I've been very lonesome since you and the Red Ones went away.
But you say there are children who are learning to love me
Like you and they did once before.
You make my heart happy won't you tell me more.
Hello, LaSalle, I can't welcome you like I did before.
Tell the children I need help to make 295 more.

Three Mile Island Blues

Babe you know your loving's great,
But somehow I just can't relate.
I got Three Mile Island on my mind.
You're sweet as honey, your love is true,
But I just keep on feeling blue.
I got Three Mile Island on my mind.

Chorus: (repeat one time)

Three Mile Island,
Three Mile Island,
I got Three Mile Island on my mind.

I know you're not used to this
Every man you meets want to hug and kiss, but
I got Three Mile Island on my mind.
It's getting late, you're free to stay,
But babe, I do not want to play,
I got Three Mile Island on my mind.

People keep on telling me
Love someone and let it be, but
I got Three Mile Island on my mind.
The radio sings a song of love
While I watch the clouds above.
I got Three Mile Island on my mind.

The USS Indianapolis

The USS Indianapolis was going from Guam to Leyte.
Eight hundred, eighty died. The Captain got tried
Because the ship went down that day.
It was in the middle of the night.
I don't think the Navy did right
About the way they treated Charles McVey.

Chorus:

They said it was a failure to zigzag, I don't know.
Just because the Navy says it, don't make it so.
I talked to some of his men.
They said the Navy done him in.
And he died when he didn't have anyplace left to go.

The USS Indianapolis was going from Guam to Leyte.
Eight hundred, eighty died. The Captain got tried
Because the ship went down that day.
Now its a mystery
To the men pulled from the sea
About the way they treated Charles McVey.

The USS Indianapolis was going from Guam to Leyte
Eight hundred, eighty died. The Captain got tried
Because the ship went down that day.
Although its been a while,
There ought to be a civilian trial
About the way they treated Charles McVey.

John Crazyhorse Is Praying

John Crazyhorse is praying as the smoke hangs in the air,
With the shadows of eagles and feathers in his hair.
His medicine is strong; he has a dream to share.
Sing the Spirit down. Sing the Spirit down.

John Crazyhorse is praying as he steps into the dance.
The truth is in his heart and it pierces like a lance.
His medicine is strong; he will take the chance.
Sing the Spirit down. Sing the Spirit down.

John Crazyhorse is praying as he reaches out his hand.
You can see the tears as he talks about the land.
His medicine is strong; he makes you understand.
Sing the Spirit down. Sing the Spirit down.

I Dreamed That I Saw Joe Hill Cry

I dreamed that I saw Joe Hill cry.
He was calling out my name.
And when I didn't answer, he hung his head
And cried bitter tears in shame.

Chorus:

When I didn't answer, he knew the worst.
It had happened before, it wasn't the
first time.

I dreamed that I saw Joe Hill cry.
He was calling out your name.
And when you didn't answer, he hung his head
And cried bitter tears in shame.

I dreamed that I saw Joe Hill cry.
He was calling out our names.
And when we didn't answer, he hung his head
And cried bitter tears in shame.

Boston Tea

I'm in love with a lady.
Her name is Liberty.
And every morning when I rise
She gives me Boston Tea.
She gives me Boston Tea.

Chorus:

Boston Tea is good for you.
It opens up your eyes,
Clears your mind so you can see
A politician's lies.
A politician's lies.

The IRS is waiting like
A vulture in the sky.
They want to take my house and car
And eat up all my pie.
And eat up all my pie.

They say that death and taxes
Are the only thing that sure.
Dying may be fatal, but
For taxes there's a cure.
For taxes there's a cure.

The Land

Way down yonder in a big old holler
I hear a bluebird sing.
There ~~she~~ he sits pretty as a dollar,
Now ~~she~~ he takes to wing.
There's White Oak trees for miles around,
A ~~field of~~ sacred corn on sacred ground, or sacred corn
Pale blue sky comes flowing down or deep blue sky
To catch the bluebirds ~~gentle~~ joyful sound. joyful sound

Come, let me take you, let me show you the land.
Come, let me take you, let me show you the land.
Then when I show you, I know you'll understand
Why I cry sometimes for no apparent reason.

OTHER SONGS

Those who hear not the music – think the dancer's mad.

Honky Tonk Music

The barroom is smokey and it's getting kind of late.
There's a girl in the corner, doesn't seem to have a date.
Maybe she'll still be there the next time I sit down.
I'll prob'ly talk to her awhile, if she's still around.

Chorus:

I'm playin' Honky Tonk music with a band in a barroom and
I guess I'm as happy as I'll ever be.
I've passed up my chances to do something better,
And now that Honky Tonk music mean everything to me.

I'll miss tomorrow morning because I'm sleepin' in.
Eat breakfast in the afternoon at the Steak Stop again.
Then I'll go and see my kids for an hour or so.
Prob'ly pick a song for them before I have to go.

I talk about that big hit and how I'll be a star.
But I know that I'm lucky to be here in this bar.
For if I ever had a home, it's standin' right up here
Playin' Honky Tonk music while the people drink their beer.

Cowboys Never Cry At Christmas

He was just a little cowboy with his high heel boots and neckscarf
Watchin' out the window for his Dad comin' home to play.
And at first he could not believe his Mom when she told him,
"Your Daddy won't be comin' home today."

And she said, "Son, Cowboys never cry at Christmas.
No, that's the kind of thing that just won't do.
Cowboys never cry at Christmas.
They have to help their Moms to make it through."

So the little cowboy hitched up his gunbelt.
On his face he wore the toughest look he had.
And although his Mom was cryin', he said, "I'm goin' out to play."
Then he went next door and he called his Dad.

And he said, "Daddy, cowboys never cry at Christmas.
No, that's the kind of thing that just won't do.
Cowboys never cry at Christmas.
But sometimes the cowboy's mommies do."

Then in a little while a car pulled up at the cowboy's home.
The cowboy's Daddy come in through the door
And he hugged the cowboy's Mommy and they talked for a little while.
Then he played with the cowboy on the floor.

And he said, "Son, cowboys never cry at Christmas.
No, that's the kind of thing that just won't do.
Cowboys never cry at Christmas.
They have to help their Dads to make it through."

Well, sometimes life is rough on little cowboys.
Sometimes on moms and daddies too.
But cowboys never cry at Christmas
They have to help us all to make it through.

The Night Santa Ripped Off Our Reindeer

We used to have us a reindeer,
A pretty thing we kept behind the house.
But last year at Christmas, it was stolen
By a little old white whiskered louse.
Oh, the night Santa ripped off our reindeer,
Lord, I still carry the pain.
But what could I do when he told me
That the reindeer was public domain.

Now, I suspect that Santa's a hippie.
I know he was smokin' a pipe.
He could have been smokin' tobacco
But I never smelled tobacco so ripe.
Oh, the night Santa ripped off our reindeer,
I remember the horror of it all.
When that ol' hippie ripped off our reindeer,
He took us for harness and all.

If he ever comes back here,
We're really gonna put him in a bind.
The deputy said we got the goods on him,
Because he left the traces behind.
Oh, the night Santa ripped off our reindeer
The memory fills me with despair.
It just goes to show you never can trust
A person who has so much hair.

Oh, Santa, he left lots of gifts.
I guess he thought that made up for it all.
But I think he knew the reindeer was stumpbroke,
Somewhere Santa's havin' a ball.
Oh, the night Santa ripped off our reindeer,
He might as well of cut us with a knife.
For when he ripped off our reindeer,
He sure played hell with our sex life.

Oh, Santa, that devil took my reindeer.
When he did, he damn near ruined my health.
But I'll get my revenge
When he comes back this Christmas
Cause I'd rather have an elf myself.
Oh, the night Santa stole my reindeer,
He surely will live to regret.
When he comes back this year, I'll be waitin'
With a jar of vaseline and a net.

Strange Attractor

Baby, baby, baby, you're such a strange attractor.
Your love is like a nuclear reactor.
Your love is like a river full of ice.
You never, never do me the same way twice.
First you make me laugh, then you make me cry.
You're a Texas Tornado, you're a west coast butterfly.

Baby, baby, baby, what will our love become?
You go off inside of me, just like a Feigenbaum.
When I think I understand you and I start to feeling cool,
You set my mind to spinning like a random molecule.
You're just like a rock that turns into a feather.
When I want to get physical you talk about the weather.

Baby, baby, baby, I don't know which way to go.
You always mystify me with your information flow.
You call me on the phone, say you don't need no other boys.
We must have a bad connection, I keep getting background noise.
You tell me that we're lovers, then we're not even friends.
I'm gonna write a letter, send it to Lorenz.

Movin' Day

I was in Wheeling West Virginia,
Standin' in the rain,
Waitin' for a taxi
To take me to a train
When I saw an old man with a brown face
And wrinkles 'round his eyes.
The old man came up
And he asked me for a dime.
Said he'd tell me some lies,
But he didn't have the time.
I knew what he meant and
I gave him the money anyway.

It's a strange world we live in,
Sometimes stranger still.
I remember a day
I was standin' on a hill.
The sky got dark and the
Wind began to blow.
There ain't nothin'
You can do or say
You got to go
When it's movin' day.
One time I tried
To stay; I almost died.

Well, just as I dropped
My dime in his cup,
This chick walked by
And my cab pulled up,
And something cold started walking
Up and down my spine.
I knew the feelin',
I had felt it before.
I knew my life would not
Be the same anymore.
Somewhere a door
Was open; it was time to go.
There ain't nothin'
You can do or say
You got to go
When it's movin' day.
One time I tried
To stay; I almost died.

It's a strange world we live in
And sometimes stranger still.
I remember a day
I was standin' on a hill.

Get Them Panties Down

I know you know
What's on my mind.
That ain't no rock in my pocket.
I know you ain't blind.
So quit your messin' 'round,
Honey, get them panties down.
You know a hard man
Is a good man to find.

(Instrumental . . .)

The truth may be hard
But it ain't hard to find.
Its standing right here,
You don't have to read my mind.
So quit your messin' 'round,
Honey, get them panties down.
You know a hard man
Is a good man to find.

I know that you're ready.
You know I'm ready too.
Thinking slows you down.
That ain't what I want from you.
So quit your messin' 'round,
Honey, get them panties down.
You know a hard man
Is a good man to find.

One Time Before You Go

You're smilin' like an angel, it's tearin' me apart.
There's heaven in your eye, hell down in your heart.
You look so soft and sweet, but there's no way I can win.
Tonight, you're steppin' out again.

Chorus:

I know you've got a secret I don't want to know.
I see it in your eyes, your face is all aglow.
Tell me one more lie, say it isn't so,
Then love me one time before you go.

The first time I saw you, you looked just like a child.
There was no way of tellin' you were crazy wild.
I guess I learned a secret about looking deep inside;
The only thing it cost me was my pride.

Tonight when you leave, I'm taking time to cry,
Then I'm packin' my bags, gonna tell this house goodbye.
When you come home tomorrow morning, there won't be nothin' you can do.
You'll find out I had a secret too.

MORE SONGS

(These songs were not in Frank's original collection, but were added with his permission.)

recorded on Barbara's Kitchen CD

American Dreams

© John Hitchcock & Frank Watson

I've got to get gas/and I need new tires/too
My kids need tuition/or they can't go to school
But I've got my card/and my life is/great
As/long as my payments ain't/late

/Master card, visa/American Express
/They all know/my home address
It's/their home too/sad as it/seems
Because I am charging my/American/dreams

Cigarettes, groceries, hardware and beer
The clerk at the counter says, "Just sign right here"
I don't need any money to pay for my pills
But there's something about this that's giving me chills

Something's is wrong here it ain't just me
There's a whole lot to pay for in land of the free
The good jobs are gone, and something must give
I can't just keep charging to live

/Master card, visa/American Express
/They all know/my home address
It's/their home too/sad as it/seems
Because I am charging my/American/dreams

/Master card, visa/American Express
/They all know/my home address
Yes /I'll be going/here are the /keys
But next time/won't you kiss me first/please

Benton Harbor Blues

When I was a child my family left behind our home
/When I was a child my family left behind our/home
/We left our home/we left our country/home

/When we got to Benton Harbor that's where I got the blues
/When we got to Benton Harbor that's where I got the/blues
/I got the blues/ I got the Benton Harbor/blues

/Lake Michigan water is cold the whole year/round
/Lake Michigan water is cold the whole year/round
/Be careful in the water/don't let the rip-tide pull you/down

I left Benton harbor but I could not leave the blues
I left Benton Harbor but I could not leave the blues
I could not leave the blues; I could not leave the Benton Harbor blues

When I got to Benton Harbor I was just a little child
When I got to Benton Harbor I was just a little child
When I left Benton Harbor, I was mad dog wild

Lake Michigan water is cold the whole year round
Lake Michigan water is cold the whole year round
Got to watch the water don't let the rip-tide pull you down

Good Luck Bad Luck

© Frank Watson

I came to the eastside in '72
I came for a job but the money fell through
I started picking for something to do
I made some friends and I made it through

Ch: Good luck bad luck nobody knows
First it's your money then it's your clothes
Then you hit power ball that's how it goes
Good luck bad luck nobody knows

My friends go to meetings and never get paid
I sing about them and I don't get paid either
We have a good time and that's how it goes
Good luck bad luck nobody knows

Br. You do what you do cause you got to
You do what you do for fun
You do what you do cause it's the right thing
And you're the only one who will do it

Sometimes there's no money for doing what's right
Give me friends over money when it comes to a fight
We've seen some fights and that's how it goes
Good luck bad luck nobody knows

Ch: Good luck bad luck nobody knows
First it's your money then it's your clothes
Then you hit power ball that's how it goes
Good luck bad luck nobody knows

recorded on Barbara's Kitchen CD

Hobo Engineer

© Frank Watson

You know you really made me laugh
The day you told the tale
About how your Daddy called the law
To haul you off to jail
At seven years old you were digging worms
To try & catch a bass
When you knew quite well
You should have been in class!

Charlie you're a jailbird and a hobo engineer
But Jesus has a job for you don't you ever fear
Your momma & Daddy & Dorothy so dear
Have reserved a place in heaven for their Hobo Engineer

Your daddy was a doctor
He thought you would be one too
But that wasn't in the plans
When you headed for Purdue
And although it disappointed him
His love for you was clear
When he said go on and be an old Hobo Engineer

You worked hard at your profession
Doing good and never harm
You kept the great commandment
Fed the poor & kept them warm
Now your work here is all over
But there's one job left to do
Tell the master now that you're with him
We're gonna need another you!

Mr. Anonymous you never thought credit was due
You showed us how to be a Christian and a man and do what
Jesus wants us to

The Jesus Ride

The Jesus ride has rims of gold
With room for the poor, the young and the old
And everyone who has been bought or sold
Will ride with him on rims of gold,
on rims of shiny beaten gold.

When we get to the parking lot
Jesus will pull into the reserved spot
With a welcome sign that says sins forgot,
And we will party in the parking lot.
We will party in the parking lot.

We will party in the parking lot.
We will dance and sing and be young and hot.
We will have free beer and ribs and pot,
And we will party in the parking lot,
We will party in the parking lot.

The Jesus ride has rims of gold
With room for the poor, the young and the old
And everyone who has been bought or sold
Will ride with him on rims of gold,
on rims of shiny beaten gold.

by Frank Watson
© 2019

recorded on Barbara's Kitchen CD

Leaving Here Running

© Frank Watson

You broke my heart then you broke it again
I'm leaving here runnin you ain't even my friend
I'm leaving here running let me tell you why
I'm leaving here running cause I don't know how to fly

You broke my heart then you broke it some more
I'm leaving here runnin get away from that door
I'm leaving here runnin let me tell you why
I'm leaving here runnin cause I don't know how to fly

I'm leaving here running I'm leaving here runnin
I'm leaving here running I'm leaving here runnin,
I'm leaving here runnin cause I don't know how to/fly

You broke my heart you know you ain't right
I'm leaving here runnin I'm leaving tonight
I'm leaving here runnin let me tell you why
I'm leaving here runnin cause I don't know how to fly

A Man Is Praying

A man is praying while smoke hangs in the air
With shadows of eagles and feathers in his hair
His medicine is strong he has a dream to share
Sing the Spirit down sing the Spirit down

A man is praying as he reaches out his hand
Tears are in his eyes as he looks upon the land
His medicine is strong will you understand
Sing the Spirit down sing the Spirit down

A man is praying with his pipe held to the Mother
Look into his eyes see he is your Brother
His medicine is strong he asks if you will love her
Sing the Spirit down sing the Spirit down

A man is praying with his pipe held to the Sun
Pray with him now and honor may be won
His medicine is strong will you sing or run
Sing the Spirit down sing the Spirit down

MORGANTOWN GIRLS

[Gsus) I WENT DOWN TO [C] MORGANTOWN [G]
TO GET MY [C] SELF SOME [G] HONEY
I FOUND ME A [C] BLUE-EYED [G] GIRL
AND SPENT ALL [C] OF MY [G] MONEY

GO ROUND AND ROUND TO [C] MORGANTOWN [G]
GO ROUND AND ROUND MY [C] BLUE-EYED [G] GIRL
GO ROUND AND ROUND TO [C] MORGANTOWN
I'M OFF TO [D] SAVE THE [G] FREE WORLD

I WENT DOWN TO MORGANTOWN
TO GET MYSELF SOME HONEY
I FOUND ME A BROWN EYED GIRL
AND I SPENT ALL MY MONEY

I WENT DOWN TO MORGANTOWN
WITHOUT A BIT OF MONEY
I FOUND ME A GREEN-EYED GIRL
AND I FINALLY MY HONEY

On the Cover of the NESCO News

© Frank Watson (Parody & Arrangement)

I'm a local folk singer with stubby fingers
But I'm known all over NESCO
I sing about bake sales and picking up trash
And once I got paid for a show!
I take my pills for ills not thrills
But there's a thrill that would blow my fuse
That's the one that'll getcha when you get your picture
On the cover of the NESCO News!

NESCO NEWS Gonna get 5 copies for my mother
NESCO NEWS Gonna get 5 copies for my lawyer
NESCO NEWS Gonna see my smiling face
On the cover of the NESCO News!

We got an old lady known as Crime-watch Barb
That embroiders on my jeans
I got Ruth Shaw and Dorothy Mack
To drive my limousine
I got everything that money can't buy
But the thing that would blow my fuse
Is to get a LOT richer or to get my picture
On the cover of the NESCO News!

NESCO NEWS Gonna get 5 copies for my mother
NESCO NEWS Gonna get 5 copies for my lawyer
NESCO NEWS Gonna see my smiling face
On the cover of the NESCO News!

WHEN I DIE

[G] WHEN I DIE GET YOUR GUITARS AND [C] PLAY AMAZING [G] GRACE
PLAY IT FOR MY MOTHER SHE IS [C]OVER IN THAT [G] PLACE
OF PEACE AND JOY WHERE [C] TIME SHALL BE NO [G] MORE
SHE IS WAITING OVER [D] ON THE OTHER [G] SHORE

[G] SING AMAZING GRACE, SING [C] WASHED IN THE [G] BLOOD
PICK YOUR GUITARS [D] BOYS AND PICK THEM [G] GOOD
MOTHER WILL BE LISTENING SO [C] DO YOUR VERY [G] BEST
ON THE DAY YOU LAY ME DOWN TO [Em] REST
ON THE [G] DAY YOU [D] LAY ME DOWN TO [G] REST

WHEN I DIE GET YOUR GUITARS AND PLAY WAYFARING STRANGER
PLAY IT FOR MY DADDY IT CARRIED HIM THROUGH DANGER
HE KEPT IT IN HIS HEART IN THE JUNGLE IN THE NIGHT
AS HE FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM AND THE LIGHT

SING WAYFARING STRANGER SING WASHED IN THE BLOOD
PICK THEM GUITARS BOYS AND PICK THEM GOOD
DADDY WILL BE LISTENING SO DO YOUR VERY BEST
ON THE DAY YOU LAY ME DOWN TO REST
ON THE DAY YOU LAY ME DOWN TO REST

WHEN I DIE GET YOUR GUITARS PLAY THE OLD RUGGED CROSS
PLAY IT FOR MY JESUS HE HAS COVERED EVERY LOSS
I KNOW HE WILL BE THERE I KNOW HE WILL NOT FAIL
TO COME AND BEAR ME SAFELY HOME THE DAY MY SOUL SETS SAIL

PLAY THE OLD RUGGED CROSS PLAY WASHED IN THE BLOOD
PICK THEM GUITARS BOYS AND PICK THEM GOOD
JESUS WILL BE LISTENING SO DO YOUR VERY BEST
ON THE DAY YOU LAY ME DOWN TO REST
ON THE DAY YOU LAY ME DOWN TO REST

White Horse

Grandpa had a big white horse
Loved to watch him run
Knew I would ride him
When my time had come

Knew I would ride him
When my time had come
White Horse
Watch that White Horse Run

"Can I ride the White Horse?"
Daddy he said no
Grandpa looked at Daddy,
said "I reckon so."

Grandpa looked at Daddy
Said "I reckon so."
White Horse
Watch that White Horse go!

Rode the White Horse cross the field
Sitting ten feet high
When we stopped and turned around
I found out he could fly

When we stopped and turned around
I found out he could fly
White Horse
Watch that White Horse fly

That big White Horse laid back his ears
And then we had some fun
He rolled his eyes and chomped the bit
And stretched out in the sun

He rolled his eyes and chomped the bit
And stretched out in the sun
White Horse
Run White Horse run

Information Related to Frank's Song "Hello La Salle" (pg. 55, audio file 46)

Email from Frank in February 2022 related to the article below:

Dorothy was a teacher. A good one. Pat & I spent a day at an elementary school she taught at as Artists in Residence.

Will (Dorothy's husband), **who I knew from Job Corps, is dead but Dorothy is on Facebook.**

This would have been when Barb & I were living at 12th and Arsenal.

Dorothy and Reid Lewis (the teacher in the article below) were friends, and Frank met Reid through Dorothy when Dorothy lived in Cicero, Indiana, he told me.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

3,300-Mile Journey by 16 Teens, 6 Adults Told in New Book

WTTW News | Jay Shefsky | June 22, 2016 1:36 pm

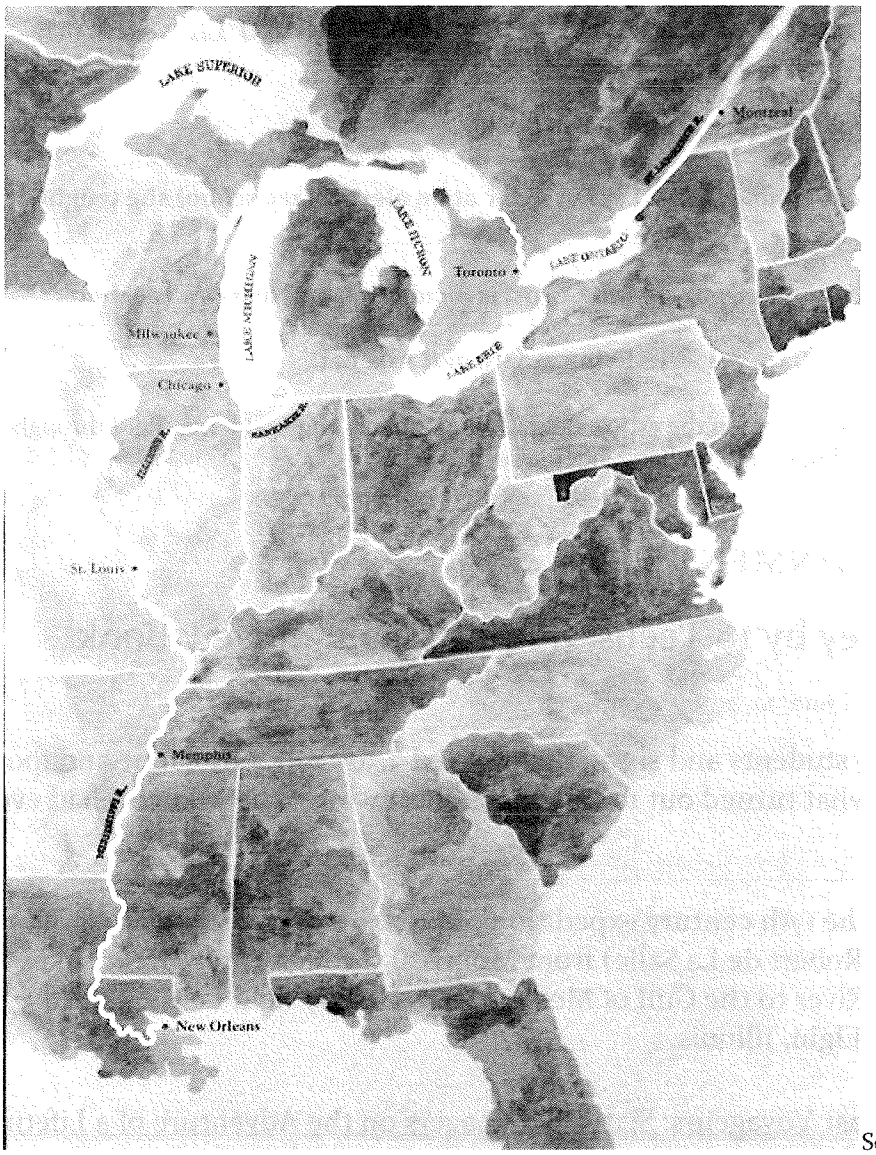
In 1976, 16 high school students and six adults traveled 3,300 miles by canoe and foot over eight months during what turned out to be the toughest winter the Midwest had ever seen.

The journey retraced the 17th century expedition of French explorer René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle (aka Robert de La Salle) from Montreal through three Great Lakes and down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico. It was led by Reid Lewis, then a 37-year-old French teacher in Elgin, Illinois.

The new book, "The Last Voyageurs: Sixteen Teenagers on the Adventure of a Lifetime," tells the story of their journey.

Lewis joins "Chicago Tonight" along with the book's author, Lorraine Boissoneault, and one of the students who participated in that 3,300-mile trek, Clif Wilson.

Nov. 4, 1976 – Washington Island, Lake Michigan



See the group's route.

It was a later start than usual. The sun had been up for an hour when the canoes launched from Jackson Harbor at 7:45. The boats glided onto the lake in splendid unison, as if they'd rehearsed the launch hundreds of times. And of course, they had—every day of paddling for the past three months had been a lesson. They were practically experts at this point.

Already the water was a frigid 39 degrees and ice formed rapidly on the canoes. Everyone was dressed in wool hats and mittens, but there was little they could do to protect their faces from the stinging spray. The cold wind nipped at any exposed patches of skin and the choppy surf slapped the canoes. The day was overcast and the air cool, but nothing out of the ordinary. There was no reason to think the six-mile journey would take much longer than an hour.

But after less than a mile of paddling, the wind shifted. In seemingly the blink of an eye the waves had grown to five or six feet and were tossing the canoes around as if they were toys. The six teams were pushed apart by the waves, one taking off in the lead, the others scrambling around to move away from the breaking waves on a narrow strip of shoals to the east. The water was icy cold as it sloshed around their feet at the bottom of the canoes. Men in the middle of the canoes abandoned their paddles to start bailing.

Suddenly Ken shouted out to the others, "We need help! We're sinking!"

A first wave had hit his boat broadside, sending water swirling around the ankles of Ken, LeSieutre, Hess, and Fredenburg. Before they'd had the chance to react a second breaker followed the watery trail laid by the first, effectively swamping the canoe. Only the tapered points on the bow and the stern poked above the lake's surface, and some of their gear was now bobbing freely in the water. Everyone sat in three feet of icy water with their feet looped into the gunwales to keep themselves from floating away. For each scoop of water the men were able to bail out, another wave pushed it all back in. To make matters worse, Hess was wearing a heavy plaster cast on one leg to protect his foot, which he'd broken only a week earlier when he slipped on some rocks. He'd continued in the canoes because there hadn't been any upcoming portages planned, and paddling didn't require much lower body movement. But now the cast had suddenly become a liability. Leaning back as far as possible to hold his leg above the water, Hess considered what would happen if their canoe sank beneath him. The cast would sponge up the water and he'd plummet like a rock to the bottom.

For the most part, Hess hadn't doubted his decision to come on the journey. He loved being outside with a group of friends, camping and canoeing every day. But until this point, his life had never been on the line. He'd had blisters and aches like everyone else, and there had been that minor eye injury after a piece of tinder flew into his face, and the stress fracture in his foot was a bit of a nuisance, but nothing serious had happened. Nothing that might prevent him from returning home to a normal 20th-century life at the end of the expedition. Now he was facing his imminent mortality, in the form of drowning or hypothermia. Neither was very appealing.

"Hey! We're sinking!" Ken bellowed into the wind again, trying to get the attention of the other canoes, which repositioned to flank the listing boat on all sides.

"Yellow pants keeping you dry?" Cox joked as the five canoes inched toward shore, referring to the foul weather gear some of the men wore under their outfits on rough weather days.

The four men in the submerged boat could hardly spare the energy to laugh. They continued bailing and paddling with grim determination. Hess lay almost flat on his back with his cast straight up in the air like a flag. It would've been comedic if the situation weren't so grave. The cold water soaked into their wool clothes and froze their limbs. If the men weren't warmed quickly the first symptoms of hypothermia would set in.

As the canoes made their way back to Washington Island, Ken started cracking jokes, trying to distract his crew from their shivering limbs and chattering teeth. His instincts kicked in as tension in the boat rose. Everyone needed a diversion from the miserable cold and the terrifying prospect of capsizing in the rough surf and freezing to death. As a trained actor, he knew he could provide that distraction, telling one joke after another.

After a brief but nerve-wracking struggle the convoy of canoes made it to land, only a mile or two south of the point where they'd launched less than an hour ago. Everyone who wasn't drenched and frozen rushed off to cut wood for the fires. For the first time since they'd started their journey, the fire was lit with matches from an emergency pouch. It was too risky to waste any time on authenticity now. Ken, Hess, Fredenburg, and LeSieutre stripped out of their heavy wool and linen clothes, peeling off each layer with trembling, numb fingers. Their skin was angry crimson red up to their chests, but none of them looked as if they had any frostbite. Naked but for their underwear, the men wrapped up in warm, dry blankets and huddled close to the fire. Marc Lieberman dug around his pack looking for a small bottle. Though they'd been given plenty of alcohol, he knew the momentary warmth from liquor would do more harm than good. Instead he found a bottle of maple syrup and passed it around. The liquid was like an elixir. Normally used with their breakfast, maple syrup could be a useful preventative against severe hypothermia. The sugars were a quick, easily digestible source of fuel that provided the body with a small boost of warmth.

It wasn't until the crew had caught their breath that someone realized there were only five canoes on the beach. The only canoe without an adult paddler had never returned to land.

Credit: Lorraine Boissoneault. Excerpted and reprinted with permission courtesy of Pegasus Books.